



FROM much that historians have written about the Fourth of July, 1776, an erroneous idea of the happenings of that great day has become a common heritage of the people of our land. Many an American considers it a part of a patriotic duty to muse upon the imaginative picture entitled "The First Fourth of July," which some historical writer has painted upon his vision.

In fancy he sees Independence hall in Philadelphia and the Continental congress with its ruffled shirts, long cloth coats, knee pants, silk stockings and low shoes sitting with dignity, but listening spellbound to a wonderfully strange and entirely new document called "The Declaration of Independence."

In fancy he even hears the popular acclaim of "That is just what we all say!" and "It is well worded, Mr. Jefferson." Then the mind pictures the various delegates to congress hastening forward, eager for the honor of fixing their signatures to a sheepskin document.

The scene changes to the ringing of the great liberty bell, to the assembling of the people at Philadelphia who applauded the reading of this bill of rights and to the final closing of the day with every man, woman and child in Philadelphia happy because he is no longer a British subject, having become a free American in a single day.

Such a vision pictures a heroic scene; but the true record of events does not affirm that these so-called happenings took place on that memorable day. By blotting out the imperfect details of the picture the Fourth of July is in no way robbed of any of its glory.

An authentic account of what transpired at that time changes the meaning of the Fourth of July from one day to about sixty in which the whole history of our national liberty is told and the heroic heart-throbs of the sorely tried colonists are keenly felt.

The day itself properly symbolizes the liberty for which the patriots of that time stood ready to sacrifice their lives in order to launch the United States as a national craft which should be anchored by no weight of foreign despotism.

It was a time of danger when brother, friend and neighbor became estranged by reason of political opinion. Some colonists still loved the mother country with true English pride, while others were so embittered by the injustice of the sovereign across the seas that they willingly gave their all to the cause of the people of the new land.

During the latter part of 1774 George Washington himself wrote that no thinking man among the colonists wanted to separate from England, and Franklin ridiculed the idea.

During the early days of the revolution the bluecoats never dreamed of separating from the beloved land of their ancestors. In fact, such a course would have been condemned by Americans themselves as treason. Jefferson declared that prior to April 19, 1776, he had heard no whisper of the disposition of anyone to stand from under the governmental power of Great Britain.

The inevitable, however, came with the spring of 1776, when local assemblies began formal discussion regarding the liberty of colonists. These legislative bodies possessed but little power, but they did a great part in crystallizing the sentiment for independence in many quarters and forcing those opposed to the idea to declare their inimical attitude.

The good work of these small legislative bodies was reflected and magnified as soon as the delegates were sent to the Continental congress. Then the spirit of liberty permeated the very atmosphere of the national assembly and many an individual received the courage to align himself with the new cause.

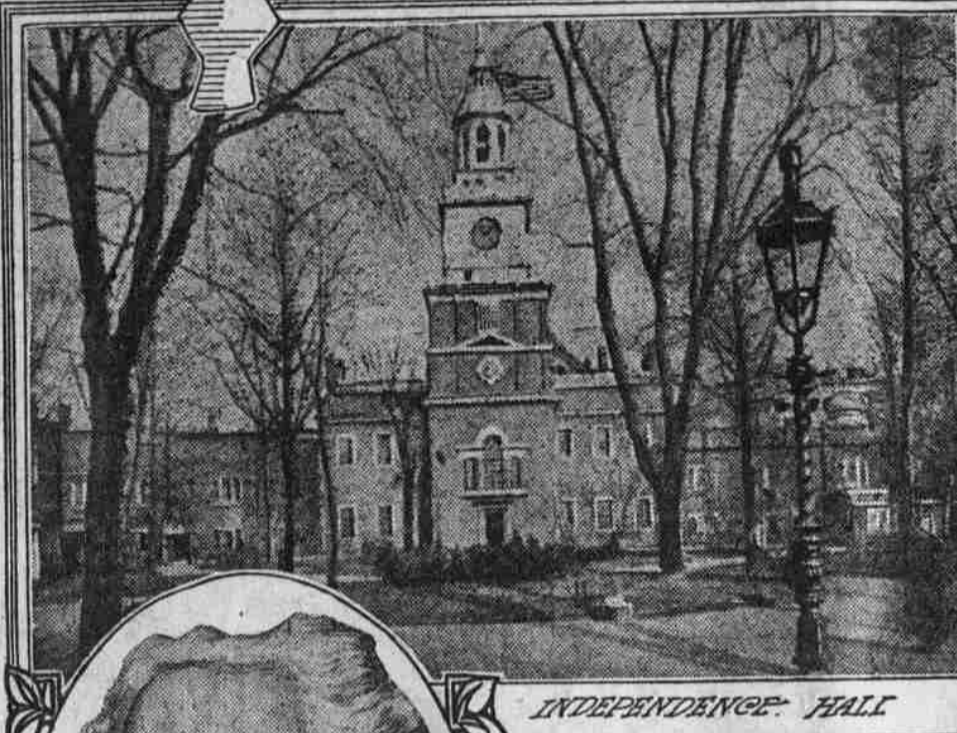
If, June 7, 1776, there had been an "extra paper" to have informed the public of the latest political news one might have read the faring headlines "Richard Henry Lee of Virginia the Man of the Hour" for it was he who on that day started the Fourth of July. It was this southerner who introduced the first declaration of independence in congress declaring the American people free.

Good judgment dictated the caution of omitting John Adams' name from the minutes, as the second to that motion, yet the fact is known today, when there is no army of redcoats waiting to seize patriots as rebels.

Too much praise cannot be given to the introduction of Lee's resolution, yet it was to the credit of the Continental congress that action was not forced upon such an important measure at that time. It could not have succeeded until all objections had been silenced, all fears of England's success allayed, until all were conscientiously convinced that the cause of liberty was just. It was imperative that all should look the Goddess of Liberty squarely in the face with a devotion to follow where she should lead.

As no agreement could be reached on June 7 the resolution was laid over until the next day, when it was again postponed for consideration until July 1.

In order that the cause of liberty should not be retarded during this wait, congress at that



JOHN ADAMS

time appointed a committee of five to prepare a declaration of independence of the same purport as Lee's resolution, in the hope that the new doctrine would be unanimously accepted when the matter should be again taken up in July.

Policy demanded that a southerner should be chosen to write the declaration in order to increase the probability of its unanimous adoption. Logically, Jefferson was the man to carry this work through, for the mastery style of his pen was well known. With such coworkers, though, it cannot be supposed that he alone was the author of the resolution; for the responsibility had been assigned to all five jointly, and the counsel and advice of all were necessary.

However, the credit of the phraseology is given to Jefferson, while John Adams is said to have given close attention to the revision and the amending of the resolution. The entire committee helped perfect the documents by making it the subject of critical analysis. In allowing the Declaration of Independence to be ready before its assembly on June 28 congress preceded its schedule.

Satisfied that all were acquainted with its contents, the legislature then laid the bill on the table until it should come up for discussion by congress sitting as a committee of the whole.

By trial vote July 1 only nine colonies voted as favorable to the resolution.

Final legislative action was therefore deferred until the next day. That, July 2, was probably the most memorable of all dates of our national history. During the stormy debate at that time the declaration was both attacked and commended.

When the vote of the day was taken it was found that the declaration had been unanimously indorsed by all of the thirteen colonies.

The vote in favor of the declaration was not sufficient to make the adoption of the new resolution complete, for the next day congress sat as a committee of the whole to consider the bill. At that time slight alterations were made, certain clauses censuring England were omitted and others regarding slave trade were left out, while other amendments were added.

On July 4 congress assembled again and immediately resolved itself into a committee for the consideration of the Declaration of Independence.

When John Hancock, as president of the congress, resumed the chair, Mr. Harrison, great-grandfather of our former president of the United States, reported that his committee had agreed to the declaration, which they desired him to report.

What followed this announcement is largely a matter of surmise, despite the fact that the debate lasted all through the warm day, when delegates either talked or listened swathed in heavy, close-fitting stocks.

If it had not been for a seemingly trivial incident the debates of that day might probably have

lasted over until the next, and so July 5 would have become the birthday instead of July 4.

Toward evening the discomfort of the assembly was increased on account of the swarms of flies which came from a nearby livery stable into the hall of legislature. These pests were so audacious in assaults upon the statesmen that Jefferson said their annoyance helped bring the matter to a conclusion, and Harrison reported the declaration to congress as accepted, though in the minutes of that day the declaration was at first left out on account of the vengeance of England.

Today Independence hall, in the old state house in Philadelphia, remains about as it was on that July 4, and so far as the setting of the stage the drama is complete, but the drama itself is left for us to supply.

All that we have left of the record of that memorable day is the text of the Declaration of Independence, and as that represents what all brave American colonists were ready to lay down their lives for and what should be handed down to us and guarded as courageously as it had been won, the Fourth of July has amply served its purpose and deserved its one monument—"The Spirit of Liberty for All."

Whether or not the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776, by any but Hancock, as president of the Continental congress, and Thompson, as secretary, is a matter of doubt, for the journal entry records "signed by order of and in behalf of congress." Jefferson himself made conflicting statements regarding this question.

Some contend that the delegates met informally on the morning of July 5 and signed the document. Whether or not the signatures were affixed on July 4, congress' act was official on that day that Jefferson's Declaration of Independence was declared acceptable to every colony. And so it resolved that copies should be sent throughout the new-formed republic.

The general assemblies, conventions, councils, committees of safety and the commanding officers of the Continental army had to be informed of the independence of the United States. These copies were signed by Hancock and Thompson. The Congressional Record of July 19 shows that a resolution was introduced in the national assembly to the effect that the declaration should be engrossed on parchment and presented for the signature of every member on August 2.

This fact, therefore, serves as authority that the parchment copy signed on that day in August, after it had been compared with the fair copy and the latter destroyed, is the copy of the Declaration of Independence which was considered for so many years the original draft of the great bill of rights of the American people. It is said that even this signing was entered into with "fear and trembling."

Satisfied that the signed parchment was a lasting evidence of the birth of the new nation, congress took no further official action regarding the instruments itself until January, 1777.

By that time the new republic began to feel its strength, and congress decided to promulgate the names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence by ordering that printed copies of the document should be made, with the names of the signers added.

Mary Katharine Goddard, a woman who carried on the printing business on Broadside, Baltimore, probably never heard of woman's rights yet it so happened that it became her right to print these copies of the American bill of rights.

From these copies numerous others were soon made, until before long every home boasted at least one copy of the original document which gave life to our republic.

obtain treatment for those requiring it. Moving pictures, lectures, lantern slides, exhibits and 200 special lecturers will be employed in making every thing pertaining to the care of the teeth clear to them. The remarkable campaign was arranged by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, director of physical training in the public schools, who has long been convinced that neglect of the teeth has been an important factor of illness affecting children and the consequent unsatisfactory attendance at school.

Monday was "Toothbrush" day, and the beginning of "Dental hygiene week" in the public schools, says the New York Times. Seven hundred thousand children heard some of the reasons why 2,000,000 of their teeth are in bad condition, and by the end of the week they will know every detail of how to preserve the others and

WAS A REAL STORM

Old Caleb Peaslee Remembered the Event Well.

And the Idea of Comparing it With That Recent Little Puff of Wind!—They Didn't Know What a Gale Was.

It was the morning after the gale, and Jack Piper, nursing his knee on the platform of Basset's store, was talking to Wendell Cooper. Down the street they watched the leisurely approach of old Caleb Peaslee, and Jake grinned mischievously.

"We've got old Caleb treed and out on a limb for once," he began, as Caleb Peaslee surveyed the wreckage the wind had wrought. "Everyone agrees that the wind yesterday lays over anything we ever had round here. He can't study up anything to beat it."

Wendell shook his head doubtfully. "Mebbe so," he admitted, cautiously. "What was you callin' to do—prod him up a little?" And Jake nodded confidently.

Caleb approached the group, which made way for him. Jake, with a genial nod at the old gentleman, took up an apparently interrupted conversation with Wendell.

"As I was sayin'," he began, "there's better'n six weeks' work gone for nothin'. I'd built that stone wall the way I wanted it to run, and it took me the better part of two months to do it, workin' off and on when I didn't have nothin' pressin' to do. And then the wind last night got some kind of a twist on it—ketchin' it kind of on a slant like—and while I can't exactly say it swapped ends of it, it sort of pivoted it in the middle, and it certainly made a pile of work for me to get it back where it belongs."

Mr. Peaslee chewed contemplatively on a pine splinter, with his eyes upon the distant hills. Wendell and Jake watched him expectantly. At last the old gentleman threw away the splinter and turned toward them.

"You and Wendell, Jake," he began slowly, "ain't old 'nough to remember the big blow we had in the fall of '64—if you was, you'd be ashamed to speak of this little gust of wind as bein' a gale. Why, you couldn't rightly call it more'n a whiff of a breeze."

"Look at the limbs of them trees!" began Wendell; but Mr. Peaslee looked at him in such pity that Wendell blushed and stopped.

"Nothin' but punk," asserted Mr. Peaslee. "Hardly fittin' to hold up a bird's nest! Them branches would a broke with their own heft before long anyway. That ain't no sign of a gale, to see rotten limbs fallin'." I thought you had more sense, Wendell!" Wendell shifted his feet uncomfortably.

"And you, too, Jake," he continued. "Just because you slovenly built a strip of stone wall hardly solid 'nough for a man to lean against and rest, and a little puff of wind comes along and loosens a few of the rocks you half cobbled up, you think you're passed through a gale."

"Just to give you some idea of what a real wind'll do," he went on, "I'm tellin' you some of the things that happened in 1864. What do you think, Wendell, of a wind clearin' a felled piece of stump? Yes, sir, it blowed the stumps on a piece of Deacon Winter's plumb out of the dirt and actually piled 'em up in the far corner of the lot!"

"Nothin' thing that made some comment at the time was like Drew's loggin' chain. He had it made fast to a granite post when they was movin' the old schoolhouse. The wind would ketch the free end of that chain and snap it same as a man would a lash whip, and whin'! away'd go a link off'n the end—jest sail away down the wind as light as a butterfly."

"There was Eb Mason's wagon body. He had a body sixteen foot long and four foot high, boxed up

tight, to haul stove-length wood in. It was built out of heavy stuff and weighed over fifteen hundred, and he had it settin' on skids in the yard till he got ready to put the wheels under it. Well, sirs, the first gust of wind that came took that heavy body same's this wind yesterday'd take a dry leaf, and switched it 'bout ten foot from the ground, across two fields, till it fetched up agin that bluff at the lower end of Eb's farm, and there it stayed, spatted up high agin the face of that bluff, four foot higher'n a man's head, till the gale blowed itself out. Yes, sirs, for four days the wind never lulled 'nough to let that wagon drop!" A little stir among the group caused him to turn his head.

"I vum!" he said with mock concern. "If Jake and Wendell ain't gals—and I ain't told 'em more'n half that happened in that storm—if I remember rightly,—Youth's Companion."

WANTED THE REGULAR TOOLS

At Least Colored Man Was Sure of One Thing, He Wouldn't Work With the Pie.

An old negro man was standing by a grassy yard in front of a Chinaman's washhouse when a woman walked to the street corner near by to board a car. The old man approached her and, lifting his hat, politely said: "Lady, can you tell me where I can obtain a job?"

He held in his hand a loosely wrapped package, from which protruded the edge of what was apparently a five-cent pie.

The lady replied that he might ask the Chinaman for the job of cutting the grass. So the colored man bargained with the Chinaman to cut the grass, for which he was to receive 25 cents.

Then it turns out that the Chinaman has no tools, and the colored man's lawn mower is a long way off at his home and he is disinclined to go after it, for the way is weary, the flesh tired.

The lady finally suggested in a matter of fact way: "Are you going to cut the grass with the pie?" The colored man drew himself up with great dignity and replied, reprovingly: "Lady, I never cut grass with a pie."

Geometry Required.

Plato is said to have written over his door: "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here." Today such a restriction would reduce his visiting list. Perhaps outside the professional mathematicians he would have no one at all. All the artists, the philanthropists, the historians, to say nothing of these ladies and gentlemen of leisure whose critical faculties are so importantly developed nowadays, would certainly be absent, and worse still, would suffer very little at their exclusion. Yet going back into the centuries for guests, a distinguished company might have been assembled of those who, without being famous merely for mathematical studies, were known to have understood and loved the subject. The Greek philosophers would have been there in a body. Alphonse X, Omar Khayyam, Albert Durer, Leonardo da Vinci, Descartes, Pascal, Napoleon and Lewis Carroll.

Proved Himself an Impostor. "What kind of a show do you give, Mister?" asked Broncho Bob. "I'm a mind reader."

"They won't pay no attention to you here in Crimson Gulch. The last mind reader that was here could tell us what numbers we was thinkin' about an' look right through the wall an' tell you what was in the next room. An' then he set into a poker game an' bet three of a kind against nearly every flush that was held."

Quiet Day.

Sergeant—Anything doing in the trenches, today? Corporal—No; it was so quiet you could hear a shell drop.

Fantastic, All Right.

A man with a cork leg ought to be able to trip the light fantastic in the modern dances.—Florida Times-Union.

LITTLE GOOD IN FREE BATHS

City Controller of New York Goes on Record as Opposing Increase in Their Number.

City Controller Prongerast of New York opposes increasing free public baths, strangely enough for a former progressive leader. He is not one bit impressed by the argument that baths prevent lawlessness and raise the standard of morals. "I doubt," he says, "if morals are as high today generally as they were twenty years ago, before the community had any of these uplifting facilities." Replying to a question about cleanliness being next to godliness, he said that all that was necessary was soap and water and the inclination, particularly the last, which the city, he thought, could not hope to furnish.

Yet the civilizing influence of soap is traditional. The bathtub has been exalted into a national ideal in England and a national reality in the United States. The backward peoples have no baths. Physical cleanliness must inspire moral and mental cleanliness, not infallibly, perhaps, but the tendency, such as it may be, is that way. As to the inclination, that by the city supply even that by offering the temptation of bathing?

Aside from the question of morals, how about health? Surely the controller will admit that cleanliness improves health and that is certainly a function that the municipal government ought to be interested in.

FUN'S FABLES UP TO DATE

This is About the Literary Man Who Insisted on Writing Just What He Wanted to Write.

Once there was a literary man who decided to write for posterity. He refused to be guided by what the editors said the public wanted, but wrote what he thought they ought to want.

According to all the rules of the game he should have starved to death in very short order, but for once, the rules didn't work.

Did the public suddenly wake up to the fact that a genius was in their midst? And did the editors camp at his door clamoring for the product of his pen?

Oh, no, dear reader, nothing like that at all.

A rich aunt died and left him half a million dollars, and he kept right on writing stuff that nobody wanted to read.

Whether posterity will read it remains to be seen.

As for the moral, well, you've got us guessing.—Magazine of Fun.

Indian Forced to Succumb.

The white man and the Indian never could mix, and the Indian has had to succumb. All of us admire the Indian and would like to see him survive for all time; but it appears impossible that with advancing civilization he can continue. The Indian simply will not submit to the changed conditions; he still dreams of the "happy hunting ground," and the forest and stream, and nothing the government can do for him can reconcile him. The automobile and other things have helped him along in his reckless career, but tuberculosis has been the most destroying element in the life of the American aborigine.

As the Scripture Said.

"What does the Bible say will happen to the proud?" inquired a Dublin Sunday school teacher of her class.

A bright little girl promptly replied: "They'll be turned into animals."

Very much surprised, the teacher asked how she arrived at that conclusion.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted, but he that exalted himself shall be a 'baste,'" quoted the wee lassie without a moment's hesitation.

It's the high spots that knock out the rolling stones.

If it is necessary to make enemies, choose lazy men.

A Good Breakfast— Properly Selected—

Means a running start toward the day's work.

There's concentrated

Energy

In

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

It contains the rich elements from Wheat and Barley in form for easy digestion; and so quickly absorbed that it makes itself felt in body and brain.

"There's a Reason"

FOR

Grape-Nuts

WISE WORDS

A Physician on Food.

A physician of Portland, Oregon, has views about food. He says: "I have always believed that the duty of the physician does not cease with treating the sick, but that we owe it to humanity to teach them how to protect their health especially by hygienic and dietetic laws."

"With such a feeling as to my duty I take great pleasure in saying to the public that in my own experience and also from personal observation I have found no food to equal Grape-Nuts and that I find there is almost no limit to the great benefit this food will bring when used in all cases of sickness and convalescence."

"It is my experience that no physical condition forbids the use of Grape-Nuts. To persons in health there is nothing so nourishing and acceptable to the stomach especially at breakfast to start the machinery of the human system on the day's work. In cases of indigestion I know that a complete breakfast can be made of Grape-Nuts and cream and I think it is necessary not to overload the stomach at the morning meal. I also know the great value of Grape-Nuts when the stomach is too weak to digest other food."

"This is written after an experience of more than 20 years treating all manner of chronic and acute diseases, and the letter is written voluntarily on my part without any request for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

HOUSE MAY NOT BE HOME

Wide Difference Between the Two Words Is a Matter Not Always Recognized.

And what is a home? It is, of course, quite different from a house. It is something which is put inside a house. It is a building not made with hands. It belongs to the things which are seen. A house is a product of human handicraft, a home is a creator of the heart. A house is con-

structed out of matter, a home is such stuff as dreams are made of. A house is four walls with a roof, a home is a complex of memories and associations and affections. A house is built by gold, a home is built by love. A small and shabby house may be set up inside a spacious and costly house. We have all been guests in places where we felt there was more home than home. On the other hand, a palatial home may be erected inside a cottage. A house can be built in a year. To build a home is the work of many seasons. A man

can have numerous houses, he can have but one home.—Woman's Home Companion.

Toothbrush Day. Monday was "Toothbrush" day, and the beginning of "Dental hygiene week" in the public schools, says the New York Times. Seven hundred thousand children heard some of the reasons why 2,000,000 of their teeth are in bad condition, and by the end of the week they will know every detail of how to preserve the others and